Come, shall we goe along?

Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan, prisoners.

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Riu. Sir Richard *Ratliffe*, let me tell thee this:
To day shalt thou behold a subiect die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyaltie.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Riu. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*. O thou bloody prison,
Fatall and ominous to noble Peeres:
Within the guilty closure of thy walles
Richard the second here was hackt to death:
And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blouds to drinke.

Gray. Now Margarts curse if falne vpon our heads,
For standing by, when *Richard* stabd her sonne.

Riu. Then curst she *Hastings*, then curst she *Buckingham*,
Then curst she *Richard*. O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true blouds,
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out.

Riu. Come *Gray*, come *Vaugham*, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaues, vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counsell.

Hast. My Lords at once, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation.
In Gods name say, when is this rayall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and let but nomination.

Bish. To morrow then, I guesse a happie time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* minde herein?
Who is most inward with the noble *Duke*? (his mind.

Bi. Why you my L: me thinks you should soonest know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,

Lord

Lord *Hastings*, you and he are neare

Hast. I thanke his grace, I know h
But for his purpose in the Corona
I haue not sounded him, nor he del
His graces pleasure any way therein
But you my L. may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue
Which I presume he will take in g

Bish. Now in good time heere c

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My noble L. and cousens all
I haue bene long a sleepe, but now
My absence doth neglect no great
Which by my presence might hau

Buc. Had not you come vpon yo
William L. *Hastings* had now prono
I meane your voyce for crowning

Glo. Then my L. *Hastings*, no mar
His Lordship knowes me well, and l

Hast. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My Lord of Elie.

Bish. My Lord.

Glo. When I was last in Holborn
I saw good strawberries in your ga
I do beseech you send for some of t

Bish. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Cousen *Buckingham*, a word
Catesby hath sounded *Hastings* in ou
And findes the testy gentleman so
As he will loose his head ere giue c
His maisters sonne as worshipfull h
Shall loose the royaltie of England

Buc. Withdraw you hence my L.

Dar. We haue not yet set downe
To morrow in mine opinion is too
For I my selfe am not so well prouid
As else I would be, were the day pro

Enter the Bishop of Elie

Bish. Where is my L. *Protector*, I

G

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